WESTWORDS

Westwords

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A Happy Issue

This Epiphany, Westwords brings you fun and fantasy. We offer you the world of children, the world of imagination. We have two fairy tales. Helen Jaskoski fashions a story in verse about a little boy and his blue horse. Renate Kerris gives us new insight into the private lives of some familiar storybook characters.

Renate also shows us something of the life of a little German girl in America. Peg Langhans introduces us to the charming Miss Cricket James in a conversation with a sophisticated man of the world. Marianne Stanley gives us a look at Americans through Japanese eyes in "Thank-you, Kimi-San."

Besides the stories, we have all kinds of poetry—some fanciful, some serious. The subjects range from ballet, to Greek tragedy, to the Pacific ocean. Maureen Curran speculates about the fate of Kathy and Heathcliff and comes up with a villanelle.

We've enjoyed putting this issue together, because it is so fun and fanciful. It is our Epiphany gift to you.

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Poem for Advent

For want of better words,
we call travail:
the measured growing,
the time-limited knowing
of what it is to fail.

Once in unmeasured giving,
now-quickened things all-
pleasured in their living,
falling fell, and heaven
or hell remained the choice.

But enfleshment of the Voice
became the fee
because there is no King but
him who reigns;
in whom all life retains its
given breath, for king of life
is conqueror of death.

We wait this numbered coming of
his birth:
King of all life and death
  and Lord of earth:
He who will to the death of death
be priced:
We wait, twice-promised, come,
and coming
Christ.

Judy Krommer '63

He Sends Me Postcards

Peg Langhans '63

The little girl sat on the stool swinging her legs. She sipped a chocolate soda and stared at the man in the corner of the counter opposite her.

"Do you like to wear ties?" she said. He looked up from his magazine.

"Did you say something to me?" he asked politely.

"Yes," said the girl. "I asked you if you like to wear ties."

He raised an eye-brow and looked down at his chest. "To tell you the truth, I never thought much about it. I guess I don't mind."

"I think I'd hate it," said the girl. "My father used to say it was a pain in the neck. But he wore them anyway."

The man cocked his head slightly and smiled. He went back to his magazine.

"Do you have children?" the girl asked letting the straw slip from her lips. She scratched the back of her leg with the toe of her patent leather shoe. Then she settled back on the stool, arranging her blue dress around herself with a practiced manner. The man looked up again. He reached into the vest of his olive green suit and pulled out a cigarette. He lit it with an initialed lighter that he closed with a snap.

"No," he said looking at the little girl. "No, I'm not married."

"That's interesting," she said.

"Why is it interesting?"

"Well," she said, "I decided to talk to you when you came into the coffee lounge. I talk to somebody different every time I'm here. Usually it's somebody who looks different, with a beard, or a cane, or somebody who uses a cigarette holder. I really like them with cigarette holders. But you look like a regular person and I thought you were married and had children and were normal."

The man laughed. "I consider myself normal even if I'm not married." He looked at her. Then he folded the magazine and put it on his lap.

"You sound like this is a regular hang-out for you," he said. "Do you work here?" he smiled.

The girl shook her head. "No. I'm only nine so I have to go to school. But my mother has her office on the fifth floor here and I visit her on Saturdays. Sometimes I pretend that I work here. It's broadening to be out in the world like this, you know. Miss Stephans says it develops a social sense. Miss Stephans runs the school I go to. We're very progressive. Allison, that's my mother—I call her that because she wants us to be real friends—Allison thinks it's a wonderful school. I hate it. My father doesn't like it either but that doesn't mean much because we're divorced, you know. He lives in Europe now. He sends me postcards. When he comes to San Francisco we go to the zoo and the park. He's not really progressive but he likes chocolate ice cream too so we get along. You look like him. That's why I decided to talk to you even if you didn't have a beard, or a cigarette holder."

"What does your mother do—?" he paused, waiting to fill in a name. "What is your name? I'm not usually this forward upon meeting a glamorous woman of the world, but I find myself intrigued."

"My name is Cynthia James and my mother is Allison James. She's a psychiatrist." The man nodded recognition. "You may call me Cricket," the girl added.

"Hello, Cricket James. I am Miles Harrison and I'm most happy to make your acquaintance."

"Aren't you wondering why my name is Cricket?" she said. "People always ask me that. Don't you think it's unusual?"

"It is a bit different, Cricket, but then I had a roommate in college by the name of Toad Fallon. However, Toad was a natural name for him once you saw him . . . though I certainly don't think you look anything like a cricket. But being a city slicker, I never really got the chance to look closely at a cricket."

She laughed."My father gave me my name. Allison calls me Cynthia. It's more grown-up but I like Cricket better because it's different. My father is different in some things. He can think up very interesting stories. He tells me them when we stop to eat chocolate ice cream. Would you like to know why he calls me Cricket?"

Miles lit another cigarette. "I'm fascinated by the idea," he said.

"Well, before we were all divorced and I was just a baby, we used to live in an apartment here. In the night I would lie in my crib and make noise. My father said I chirped like a cricket, like the one cricket in all of San Francisco."

"I like your father, Cricket James," Miles said. "He sounds like a fascinating fellow even if he doesn't have a beard."

"What do you do?" Cricket said. She reached for her chocolate soda and poked the ice cream with her straw.

"I am what is known as a man in a green flannel suit. I have a beautiful office, a charming secretary and five different bottles of pills that I take each day. I get up each morning at 8:13, have a cup of coffee and go to work. I leave the office at five each evening, go home, shower, dress and go to a cocktail party or to dinner with a beautiful, boring woman.

"If I am lucky, I meet a lovely young girl at a coffee counter and talk to her like I am doing now. But I'm not usually lucky. Maybe I should grow a beard, but at heart I suppose I'm a normal person and should get married. That, I guess, is the reason I must have five different bottles of pills. Why don't you marry me, Cricket James? I like chocolate ice cream too."

Cricket smiled. "What about the difference in ages? It can be a problem, you know. But, I'd like to marry you," she said, leaning across the counter. "Then I wouldn't have to go back to Miss Stephans' school and we could move to Connecticut where there are trees and grass and crickets. I love the sound of Connecticut. My father says I belong in a cottage with roses around a white fence. He sent me a postcard from England with a picture of a cottage. Allison said it was charming and quaint. She didn't understand it all, though, because I never really explained it to her.

"Allison prefers apartments. Grass makes her sneeze. Her nose gets real red and her eyes get puffy and wet and she can't see through her glasses. Allison's brilliant, you know. Everyone says so. She can talk about anything that she wants to. She gives speeches to all sorts of people. My father has blond hair. I look like him except I have Allison's eyes, but I don't wear glasses. Do you find me beautiful?" She looked at him intensely.

"You are, without a doubt, the most beautiful woman I have ever met," Miles said. "I shall never forget you."

"You talk like we weren't going to see each other again." Cricket said. "Do you come here often? I'll look for you whenever I'm here."

"I'll make it a special haunt," Miles smiled. "Perhaps we could even

go to the zoo some time and have a double chocolate soda. I know a secluded ice cream parlor not far from here with lots of atmosphere."

"Perhaps we could even have a picnic," Cricket said. "And I could bring my father's postcards and show them to you. Do you tell stories?"

"I know a few."

"Oh, it's more fun to make them up. I sort of know how. I could teach you. We could pretend things, that you are a prince in disguise or a magician. Or we could both be city crickets. When will you come again?"

"I can't say for sure," Miles answered. "But I'll try to stop by next Saturday and we can plan things further. Perhaps Allison won't let you go off on a picnic with a strange man."

"Don't worry about that. We can discuss it next time. I'll think of something."

"It's been wonderful, Cricket," he said standing up and taking her hand. "I'll be looking for you."

"You will come, won't you?"she said. "I'll be here next Saturday waiting."

"Yes, I'll try to make it." He picked up his hat and his magazine. "Keep chirping, Cricket." She turned around on the stool and watched him leave.

"Don't take so many pills, Miles Harrison," she called after him. She watched him walk into the lobby. He turned once and waved with his folded magazine. She twisted around to the counter to finish her soda. She turned the glass in her hands several times. Then she got up and walked away.

Cymbol

Standing in silent darkness, I
Reached without seeing, touched your hand.
In your words and eyes I saw myself.
I said the sounding light was love,
Until the loud glare hurt and
Eyes mirrored something that never was me.
And words melting, meant only sounds
That died into silence.
This dark no-sound I said was truth.

Marianne Stanley '64

The Advent

Sister Leonard, C.S.J.

a blade saved the dew-fall
in time impending
peace and the bud

and a word heard
whispered in the town stirred
in the lake-oasis whirred
around the sapling linden
tree and a rock

a bird drank the dew-fall
in time impending
light and the rock

and the word found its echo

in the vine

climbing the lattice work when wine

of trampled grapes flowed

at wheat harvest

a rock cupped the dew-fall

in time impending

time, and the word

reclaimed its right

in the lake-oasis and the town's lives

where the sapling's shade revives

the worker

at wheat-harvest time.

A New Flame

Marian Menges '63

"All fires burn out at last." These words introduce the final book in Sigrid Undset's story of Kristin Lavrandsdatter, daughter, wife and mother in medieval Norway. They are significant, not only because they recall the personality of Kristin herself—graceful, impulsive, radiant—but also because they continue one of the book's many symbolic uses of the natural elements, in this case fire.

In her treatment of a society which is a combination of both Christian and pagan elements, Sigrid Undset fortifies the pagan-folk aspect of her novel universe by a symbolic use of the basic elements. Her symbolic treatment of land, water and fire contribute to the earthy quality of the novel and reflect the characters' intimate relationship with nature.

As symbol, fire represents a part of Kristin's own nature—her passionate attachment to her own will and her unyielding determination. Although these qualities bring sorrow and pain to those she loves, it is the combination of this passionate humanity with great strength which gives the woman her extraordinary stature.

Once Kristin has set her heart on Erlend, she is unflinching in her determination to have him and no other man, even though her father forbids the marriage. "She still held out. She scarce remembered herself what it was she held out for . . . but she held herself up and did not yield " (p. 219)

Kristin's father finally gives in and consents to their marriage. Soon after their betrothal, Erlend comes to Kristin's home on an errand. While he is at Jorundgaard, there is a thunder storm. The Church of Saint Olav is struck by lightning and catches fire.

The burning of the church is not only one of the most dramatic scenes in the novel, but it also symbolizes the implications of Erlend and Kristin's relationship. Saint Olav's is the church of Kristin's childhood; it stands for her childhood faith, nurtured in her by her parents. By choosing Erlend and sinning with him, she has forsaken both the guiding love of her parents and the command of God's religion. In a sense, Kristin has destroyed a part of her past, and Saint Olav's Church symbolizes that which she has rejected by her willful passion. The burning of the church emphasizes this destruction.

It is fitting that Erlend should be present when the church burns, for it is by turning to him that Kristin has turned away from her parents and religion. Erlend and her father, Lavrans, both fight to save the church, but their attempt is hopeless. "The great cross stood alone out there, bathed in the light of flames. It looked as though it lived and moved . . . to think of putting out the fire was vain" (p. 245).

In their attempts to save the burning building, Lavrans is wounded in the shoulder, and Erlend is burned on the face. Just as they are physically injured by his fire, they are also both emotionally hurt by Kristin. Her father is hurt by her stubborn determination to go against his will, and Erlend, by her failure to ever completely forgive him for his mistakes and totally accept him as he is.

But Lavrans and Erlend are not the only ones affected by this fire. It also touches the lives of her sons. Kristin has heard a legend that if a woman who is with child gazes at a burning building, the child will be scarred with red patches. When Kristin watches the burning church, she has already conceived her first-born son. Naakve is born with "small blood-red spots right over his heart—it looked as though a bloody hand had touched him there . . . 'Tis but a fire-mark, belike'" says Kristin. "'I caught at my breast when I saw the church burning'" (p. 354).

But the red spots mean more than Kristin realizes. The birthmark foreshadows that the lives of Kristin's sons will be touched by the unflinching, bitter aspect of her nature. Naakve is a grown man when he says to Kristin sarcastically "Such peace and joy as you and my father had together all the years I can remember" (p. 942). Kristin then realizes that the constant quarreling and strife between her and Erlend has left a mark of sadness on the childhood of her sons.

As Kristin lives her life with Erlend, bears him seven sons, and watches them grow to manhood, her love for Erlend is always present, but it changes shape as quickly and suddenly as a flame. Sometimes she bursts out in wrath against Erlend, but there were times "when she felt that the old fire in her blood was gone, so utterly gone that she could not call to mind any more what it was to love in such wise; but with it was gone the unrest and bitterness of the last years" (p. 431). But the same passion that fed her bitterness also fed her love and made her strong. Thinking over her striving and care for her sons, she realizes that "twas with the fire this man had once for all kindled in her blood that she threw herself into her work" (p. 917).

But "all fires burn out at last" says Simon, Kristin's steady, reliable friend. Simon, who himself had struggled to conceal his passion for Kristin, speaks these words to her as he lies dying; and in speaking of his own life and struggle, he also speaks significantly of Kristin's life.

As Kristin grows older, Simon's words become meaningful for her. "There came a time when these words of Simon Darre rang again in Kristin's heart" (p. 913). Erlend has died, and her sons are no longer children, but young men. As the widow sits looking over the manor and ponders the change that has been wrought in her, she recalls the words of the dying Simon—"All fires burn out at last."

Kristin's life as wife and mother is over. The objects of her old passion are gone. One summer evening she is walking back to the manor where she lives with her son and his wife. "Now, when she turned homewards by the old path . . . it seemed to her that what she saw was a picture of her own life: the weather-beaten sooty old hearth place, that never again would have fire kindled upon it. The ground about it was strewn thick with powdered charcoal, but soft, short, glossy grass was springing up over all the place where the fire had raged" (p. 946). The flame that had been kindled in Kristin's breast by her own willfulness and stubbornness, the fire that had burned down the church of her childhood and singed the lives of all those she loved, has burned out.

At the end of Kristin's life, the great flame of her passion has spent itself. But now, as her soul lies quiet and still, a new kind of flame comes into her life. Kristin comes to Nidaros to live as a commoner in the convent there. She journeys as a pilgrim to the city, and when she arrives, she goes to Christ's Church. She has returned to the church of her childhood, for Christ's Church is just as truly God's house as Saint Olav's which had burned down. Yet it is substantially different, just as Kristin herself is different.

Here the fire symbol is raised to a supernatural level. The new flame in Kristin's life is the steady, controlled fire of the tapers on the altar of God. "Many hundred lights burned in the Church" (p. 1005). As Kristin kneels with the other pilgrims before the blazing candles on the high altar, she sees what she could never see before. "She found all at once words that swept away both her bitterness against Erlend and her terrors for his soul . . . Ill will he had never borne to any, she saw it now, and God had seen it always " (p. 1006).

Kristin also sees her father in a new light and realizes for the first time how much she hurt him. She dreams that her father is sitting by the hearth, and she and Erlend come into the room.

> Just as they stepped in, he bent him forward over the heap of embers and made to take up the little three-legged metal cup that he ever used to melt resin in. But swiftly he caught back his hand, shook it in the air, and then he stuck his burnt finger-tips into his mouth and sucked them, while he turned his head towards her and Erlend, and looked up at them with a wrinkled brow and a smile about his lips (p. 1007).

In this dream, Kristin sees symbolically the pain she has caused her father. Furthermore, she visualizes this pain as a burn.

In the beginning of the novel, the symbolic fire was wild and uncontrollable, a destructive fire that burned God's church, wounded Kristin's father and husband, and scarred her son. At the end of the novel, this fire dies and Kristin's soul is as quiet as ashes in a hearth. By the gentle, controlled fire of the tapers in Christ's Church, Kristin looks back and sees her life in a true perspective.

When Kristin dies, she is surrounded by candles. "The flickering light of yellow candle flames and red pine torches was to her . . . like the shimmer of her own dying flame" (p. 1042). She is borne into the Church by Ulf, her faithful kinsman, "and behind his dark head there were red lights, and they seemed like the glow of the fire that nourishes all love" (p. 1043).

Epiphany

Pat Crampton '62

We kneel in the snow

In the light of a single star

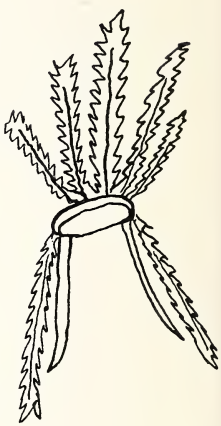
And offer him nothing

With open hands

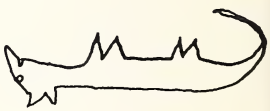
And hope.

The Boy Who Forgot to Put Things Away

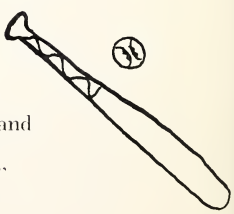
Helen Jaskoski '63



Once (and not so long ago,
Either) I knew a boy who forgot
to put things away. His mother said "put it back
where it goes" and "you know where
it should be"
But he
forgot.
And he lost things (his green-and-white
top and his baseball bat
and old dead rat
and genuine Cherokee black-feather war bonnet.)
He said to his horse
(who was blue, of course) "Where
have they gone?" And his blue
horse said, "They've gone to where
All lost things are. Look for them there."
But he couldn't, of course, because he didn't know where it was.



And he still forgot
to put things away
until one day
he forgot to put himself away where he belonged, and he said to his blue horse "I'm lost.
Is this where all lost things are? Am I here?" And the horse
said, "Here is the place where lost things are,
but it's big as sky and deep as the sea
tall as a star
and as wide and as long as the song of the wind that speeds and slows and
whistles and blows
and croons the moon around the bend of the curving, swerving world."



"We must look for me, then,"
the boy said, "and when
I find me I'll never forget to put me where
I belong again." He clambered onto his berry-blue
horse and they sailed as far as the nearest star,
and pranced and danced in the glance of the patterny patiny sequiny stars.
They zipped in a minute from Neptune to Mars,
then down they zoomed below the moon—
"Am I here?" thought the boy, but he didn't have time
to think very long, already they'd gone
away from here and over to there
into the clouds,
bouncing and jouncing right through and into
the flouncy and feathery, heathery fleecy white cottony clouds.
"Let's go," he said
to the horse, "I don't think
that I really am here at all."
So they whirled and swirled and sallied and swung
down from the clouds to the mountain tops,
and landed
plop
in the shadowy indigo shade of the glittering pearly white snow.
They tumbled and danced and shouted and rolled
around in the powdery sugary snow—
"Let's go,"
he said. "I'm not found yet." They slipped and slid and scrambled down
to the looming and booming, the smash and the clash of the lurching surf by
the shore,
where the curling and purling and rollicking waves
splattered and slapped and nodded and clapped
on top of the glimmering gleam
of the delicate dimpling deep green sea.
"Can I be
down there?" said the boy to his horse and they dipped and they dove down
there to see
where the mermaids played in the secret sleep
of the lavender shadowy cobalt deep
green sea. Then up they slithered and floated and spun
to the shivering quivering lacy light foam that nets and frets the glistening
face of the milky silky silvery sea.
"But where am I
to be found?" asked the boy. "I've been everywhere and I just don't seem
to be hanging around
any place at all. I'm just not really there."

The blue horse stopped.
They were in front of a door
and the boy walked in and shut it behind him.
His mother looked up and said, "Where have you been?" And he said,
"I forgot
to put myself away, and had to go looking for me—
all the way from the stars to the sea—
and what do you think? I was everywhere
with my blue horse
and so, of course,
I found me." She said to him, "Don't forget yourself again,
then."
But the boy said, "No,
I couldn't possibly, I'm quite grown up, now that I know
where I am.
But all the same
It was fun."

Of Chrismas Time

Collette Boland '63

Christmas—
Piercing cold,
Rough, stiff straw,
Warm, moist beasts' breath;
In the shadows, her spouse.
And
she
looks
down
to
Heaven.

The Goose Egg

Renate Kerris '63

Inge finished tying the laces on her new brown oxfords, pulled up her long white knee socks, and jumped to her feet. She grabbed her gray coat, buttoned it, and flipped her blond pigtails from underneath her collar. Her red and white checked dress stuck out from beneath the coat, matched by the red ribbons on the end of the braids. She pushed a small plastic puzzle into her pocket, and went out into the combination kitchen and dinette, which also had a bed in it.

"Inge, are you ready?" asked her mother in German.

"Oh ya," answered Inge impatiently, for she wanted to go very soon. Papa had promised to take them to a big department store. Inge had seen one on their first ride through the city after papa had picked them up at the train station about a week earlier. They had driven through Dayton to the NYA Camp. The camp was an old army quartering place left over after the war, and rented to civilians. Herrn Kuntz had picked it for his family because the rent was only thirty-seven dollars a month, and it was a good place for children to live, with big meadows, creeks and violets and mosses, woods with a tree house, and an old, abandoned stagecoach in a field. Some of the other German children who lived there had already shown Inge some of their favorite places.

"Isn't Papa finished with the auto yet?" Inge asked her mother.

"You know that he takes very good care of his auto," answered Mama. "It's the first one he's ever had." Inge really knew how much Papa cherished his car. When they were still in Germany, he used to wash and polish his bicycle every day after work. Papa had always wanted a car, but during the war an order for a VW that he and Mama had already paid for was invalidated. It was wonderful when he had greeted them at the train station in the thirty-seven Chevrolet.

"Everything is ready," said Papa, coming into the door. The car was in front of the white double barrack, perfectly clean and grandly polished. Mama, Papa, and Inge got into the car and left for the city.

Inge looked out of the window of the car with big brown eyes at the same amazing sights that she had seen about a week earlier. The shop windows were full of all types of fruit that she had never seen. Inge had eaten apples in Germany, and sometimes pears or plums or currants. On the ship she was surprised to see a big orange beside her plate every night at dinner.

"Papa, what is the long, yellow thing with the black stripes that has many of them all stuck together?" asked Inge as they drove by one of the shops.

"Those are bananas," answered Papa. "You had one once before the war, but you were so small you probably don't remember."

"No. I think they look funny. Where do they come from, China?" asked Inge.

Papa laughed. "They look even funnier where they come from," he answered. "They grow in the jungle, and the monkeys sit around and eat them all day long. They peel them with their hands." Inge laughed in amazement, but kept looking out of the window.

"Oh!" she exclaimed."Look at those large yellow apples! Are they from the jungle too?"

"Those aren't apples," said Papa grinning. "Those are grapefruits. They are like oranges, but taste bitter, and the Americans eat them for breakfast." All the way down the wide boulevards Inge asked her father questions about the things they saw.

After a while they saw the big department store ahead, and Mr. Kuntz pulled into the lot and parked way over in the corner so that no one could bang a door into the side of the car.

"Before we go shopping I'll take you to lunch," said Papa. "In the cafeterias here you go through a big line and you can choose anything you want. It's right in the store," he added, pointing to Rike's. Inge grabbed one of her father's hands, and one of her mother's, and they went up the moving stairs to the cafeteria. Inge looked at all the people in line with trays, taking whatever they wanted, and as much as they wanted. There were so many different kinds of food all in one place. Inge took a tray and looked at all the food in front of her. She saw a fried egg with a big, yellow yolk in the center and a pool of white around it, holding it in nice and firm. Inge had seen eggs coming over on the ship, but this one was four times as large.

Inge turned to her parents. "Look at that big egg!" said Inge with an excited tone, turning to her parents. "How could a little chicken lay that?" she asked pointing at it.

"It's a goose egg," answered Papa with a twinkle in his eyes, and Mama smiled back at Inge.

"Can I have it?" she asked them.

"Sure," answered Papa, "if your eyes are not bigger than your stomach. That's a big egg, you know." Inge put the egg on her tray, and some salad and milk. After her parents had chosen, they all sat down at one of the many tables in the cafeteria. Inge picked up her fork, looked over at Mama and Papa with a happy grin on her face, and took a big bite of her goose egg. Mama and Papa watched her delight. Inge chewed on her bite, and gradually her expression changed to one of confusion. Mama and Papa just looked on.

"It's sweet and cold, and it doesn't taste like an egg at all," said Inge slowly. Then Papa roared and Mama laughed a little, but smiling broadly at Inge.

"Come on Hans," said Mama. "Tell her now." Inge looked at her father with a red flush on her cheeks. Papa stopped laughing a moment.

"It's really what Americans call cottage cheese and peach salad," he said.

Three-thirty Friday

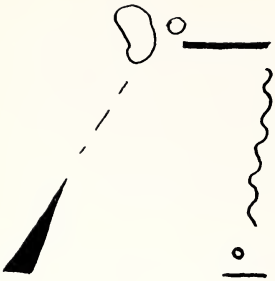
I think the sunstreams down
behind a hill. Spectrum colors
kaleidoscope the soft brown pews,
vibrating on the marble walls.

A Good Humor truck sends
its five-note hymn to children
ranting ice-cream, we scream
yes, mother, in this valley of tears.

One sharp ray with light transparency
bears a breath of air through
the tree limbs outside and Christ
hangs breathless that I might see

beyond my three-thirty Friday world.

Sister Leonard C.S.J.



Ballet

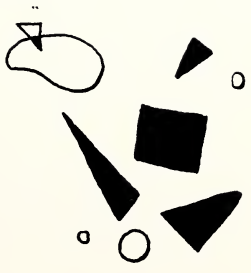
Helen Jaskoski '63

Once, out of the sweat and work, the grope
And writhe of limbs that reach, contort and shape
From arbitrary form assent
To the imposed pattern—once—the body rises and comes down
Again. It was not in ascent,
Nor in the coming down—those had been accomplished before—
But in the being there
In air
It had arrived and place
Was fixed, reached, and so attained. It left no trace
But having been there once, it stays
Somehow, beyond the motion of the uncut now.
This is what we came for.

In a Greek Theater

Marian Menges '63

Embraced by trees and time and men and mink,
I, crested, sit protected on this hill
And I let fall a window piece of me,
Firmer than frost, but frail piece to fill
The eye extended, integrate into
The what intended. Hesitant I see
The point of your unraveling. You pique
Me with your violent saying of the we,
The unsolved why. You dance with gentle thrusts
Into the meaning. Tart with loveliness
You are, point of piquant joy. But stay
Without, within your rhyme is patternless
In unshaped dark. Come close enough to stir
But not to stab, to touch, but not to tear.



Thank-you, Kimi-san

Marianne Stanley '64

I wake up very early this morning, early because we have rain again and it blow in through window into face and trickle down neck. I look at my clock and it say five-thirty, so I shut window, but then room too stuffy, even though fan blowing hard. So I lie there and think about everything to do, and already back hurt from helping Satcho-san wash windows yesterday. Back always hurt. I sit up in bed, turn on light and try to read old copy of Life that Mrs. Kerry throw in trash. Sometimes I read words. Most times I just look at pictures. Pretty soon it is six and I hear Major Kerry's clock ring in next room, so I put on Betty-san's old skirt she no wear since seventh grade and the Major's old shirt with sleeves rolled up. By six-thirty I have orange juice and bacon and egg on table and I stand at foot of stairs and call, "Major, breakfast please to serve now."

And when he come down, he smile and say, "Good morning, Kimi-san," to me in Japanese. He say that to me every morning, and he always smile, always nice man except when I no iron shirts right, or no send suit to cleaners on time. Even then he never get mad at me, he only tell Mrs. and she get mad at me. This morning he tell me eggs specially good. He always tell me when food good. When food not good, he not say anything.

At seven, Hoshino-san come to back door. Hoshino-san is young and clean and not too much gold in teeth. He wear dark blue driver's uniform and stand very straight. I give him cup of coffee and he tell me about pretty wife and baby. And I say, "Major Kerry, Driver-san here." Hoshino-san bow and the Major say, "Good morning, Hoshino-san," in Japanese and they leave.

Rain stop. Wind stop. Already sun dry rain from street, and while I wash dishes, sweat run down face so I turn on fan. I see my face in window. It is brown, like monkey face. Skin is hard and dark like leather, because before I work for Americans, I pick tea in country and sun is not good for Japanese face. My hair not shine anymore . . . already some grey. Many lines in face because all the time work and much trouble.

Children stand at back door with little noses press on screen and say, "Hi, Kimi-san," and I give them cookie and they run and play in grass near houses. Very noisy in summertime. Children play all day. Most have yellow hair and blue eyes, and older ones more big than me, and cry more than

Japanese children. Maid-sans take care of them, not mothers. I wish Mrs. Kerry have little children so I take care of them. Betty and Johnny not little. Johnny away in army now and Mrs. wish he was home. But not me because he yell at me and he too big boy with all the time dirty room, dirty clothes.

I clean living room, start washing machine and then I hear Mrs. call for breakfast. I fix breakfast and no hear Betty-san call so she come down and get mad at me. She is seventeen and soon she go to United States, but now she wear short pajama and blue net hide yellow hair.

"Kimi-san, I called you three times. I want breakfast right now. I'm going out in an hour."

I bow and fix breakfast. Betty never yell like Johnny or Mrs. But she never talk to me unless she tell me what to do.

Mrs. and Betty eat breakfast together and Betty very happy and Mrs. not happy at Betty and while I dust living room, I hear Mrs. say, "You know we leave these things up to you, but we'd rather you didn't."

And Betty yell, "What else can I do, Mother? What else is there in this crummy place?"

And Mrs. say, "Wait 'til you go home for college. There'll be plenty of decent boys in the States."

Betty cry, "You don't even know him. I don't care what you say, I'm going down there . . ." Her voice too loud, too hard.

Then Mrs. say, "We don't usually interfere, your father and I. You know that. But we cannot allow you to cheapen yourself." And her voice sound like she want to say please, please, please.

But Betty yell, "I don't care, I'm going." And she cry like little girl who fall and hurt, and I hear her chair push back and she run upstairs and Mrs. Kerry say, "Oh dear God."

I pull up shades in livingroom and look out at all houses same and all children playing on grass. Mrs. tell me once that houses in States not like this, not so many joined together. In States, each house has big yard by itself. She say houses here too small. She call them barracks. I guess Betty-san want United States and no barracks and more boyfriend, and that's why she say this is "crummy place." But she never do what mother say and Mrs. always say please when her voice should be like saying, "Kimi-san, iron dress! Kimi-san cook dinner!"

I wash dishes and iron clothes. I hear Mrs. talk to Major on phone, "She's going down to the pier to meet a ship. She's been writing to some sailor . . . no, I don't know how she met him . . . She won't listen to me . . .

What will people think if she goes down there like a . . . camp follower!" I do not know what is "camp follower."

Mrs. call Betty to phone. Betty say, "Oh please, Dad," many times. then just, "Oh Dad." She hang up phone with tears on face and run upstairs and I hear door slam.

Day get very hot and even fan and ice tea no help. Mrs. have ladies over all afternoon so I very busy. Betty stay in room all day. No eat lunch. Door to room lock. Major Kerry come home five-thirty when sun almost gone and sky have many clouds. Still very hot. Air very heavy and hard to breathe. Back hurt. Legs ache. Major and Mrs. go to party and Major tell me, "Kimi-san, Betty is not to go out tonight."

I cook dinner for Betty. I stand at bottom of stairs and call, "Betty-san, dinner please to serve now." She come downstairs in pink dress, hair very pretty and much nice American lipstick and say, "I'm having dinner out, Kimi-san."

I say, "Very much sorry, but Daddie-san tell me you no go out."

And she say, "Kimi-san, please don't tell. Please let me go."

But I say, "I maid-san to your daddie and mommie and if you go I tell."

She cry and say, "You don't care at all, do you? You don't like me and now you can get even." I bow, start to say no, but she very mad. She run upstairs again and slam door.

I start to clear dishes. When I hear hard rain come outside I close windows. Then doorbell ring. I turn on porch light and open door. Young boy stand there, rain on clothes and face. He hold cap in two hands, bow to me and say, "Excuse me but does Betty Kelly live here?"

I nod head yes. "This is Major Kerry's quarters," I say.

He look down at me and smile. His face smooth, nice . . . no lines, no trouble . . . very young. He mean his smile with his eyes. His uniform is white. "Please may I see Betty?" I shake my head no. I cannot look at him. "Please . . . just for a while. The carrier leaves tomorrow."

"Carrier?" I look at him. My breath come fast a few times. Carrier is big ship . . . filling sky . . . I wear silk kimono then . . . My face white then, no lines . . .

But I no chance to speak because Betty stand beside me and say, "Come in," and she tell me to fix cokes. She come into kitchen and say, "I don't care what you tell them. I'm glad he came." Her head high like she proud of being bad daughter and she smile.

I sit out on back doorstep and talk to other maid-sans. When they go, I sit by myself in cool after rain. My body ache. I want sailor to go so I can lock doors and sleep. They play pretty music and he no leave til eleven-thirty. He go by back door and say goodnight to me in Japanese. His eyes very blue, very young, his face smooth. And Betty walk with him to corner. I sit on step and then she stand in front of me and say, "I don't care if you tell them."

"What kind of ship he sail on?" I ask.

"Aircraft carrier. Why?" She stand there, look at me.

I want to tell her about aircraft carrier—when I young girl and Betty-san not even baby . . . and new peach-color kimono I wear to meet big ship . . . and sailor with eyes dark, not blue . . . But English not good . . . I not have words . . .

She say, "I'm going to bed now. Are you still going to tell my parents?"

"No," I shake my head. I very very tired.

"Thank you, Kimi-san." She go inside. I lock back door, straighten living room, leave front door unlock for Major and Mrs. I go upstairs, turn on fan in my room, put on Betty's old nightgown. Mattress is hard. Bed is small. But I dream of being young girl with soft skin and shiny hair and new silk kimono. And of aircraft carrier . . . big ship, big as fifty houses.

The Answer

Tortured tree
(stretching blistered branches
to cold, deep, night-black heavens,
irritating roots trapped in soil),
where do you belong?

Placed between
(straining roots and branches
in the stretching from the soil to heavens
in the agony of two poles pulling),
you belong in love.

by Margaret Conley '63

Ledge of Insufficient Workers in English Composition (Purgatory, Canto 18 1/2)

by Diane Lawler '65

A metamorphosis transformed the cloudy atmosphere,
where my beloved guide and I
ascended up to the next ledge,

into a suspended purplish mist, which emitted
a most insipid odor, more sickeningly sweet
than a sentimental Rococo canvas.

Through the red-blue dimness, to my guide said I,
"My dear father, wherefore have we disembarked
upon such a terra incognita?"

Whereupon to me he gave this reply: "Your inquisitive
questions will answer themselves, and you will comprehend
ere long how obscurity punishes obscurities."

These clouded words of my cicerone became clear to me
when I beheld a great multitude, who, through the mist,
did not perceive our presence.

"O people, you in whom keen fervor now
makes up perhaps for negligence and delay[1]
in performing some dutiful task.

[1]Dante Alighieri, The Divine Comedy, trans. by H. R. Huse (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1961), p. 253.

speak to me, who shows pity upon your suffering.
wherefore you have come
to endure these miseries."

And one, whose face was not of one, but of one like all,
answered me thus:
"We are now as indefinite as the vague generalizations that

we set down in our precipitant themes, onaccount of which
our feet are sunk deep into this concrete,
whose terms we left out.

To add to this burden is a heavier one:
now we are modified by our own danglers
which weigh down our limbs and countenances,

just as did we overweigh our compositions with them.
We have been doomed temporarily by 's.s.,' 'sp.,' 'awk.,'
'what?' 'who?'

Erudite flowers of phrases could not cover our guilt,
and now we must wait in anguish until we hear that blessed
approval from above, which on earth is like to her comment, 'good,'

'Blessed are they who are themselves in their essays,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' "
Upon these words, my dear guide spoke to me,

as one who must remind a thoughtless child,
and summoned me on to greater heights,
where the ancient poets dwell, whose words pleased even

the gods of Olympus, without trite very's or most's.

Dilemma in Fairland

Renate Kerris '63

Have you ever wondered about the friends that you had long ago? Not Aunt Hilda or Distant Cousin Henry, but the people that were our friends when you and I were young. Haven't you always wondered about how old Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother got to be, or what happened to Goldilocks after she left the three bears? Now they live, like all of us, in a typical modern suburbia, Fairland, where each of them has his own unique place. For example, Cindy Rella owns a shoe store specializing in small sizes. One of her best friends is Alice Hatter who is married to the milliner. If you need your watch repaired you can go to the White Rabbit Clock Shop. Hansel and Gretel have a bakery that sells some very special pastries. You can have your hair styled by Goldilock's Coiffeurs, and buy all your fresh meat at the Three Pigs' Market. Mr. Wizard de Oz runs an exclusive European restaurant, featuring Madam Malificent as fortune teller nightly, and the Bremen Town Musicians for dancing. Life in Fairland is pretty regular, except once there was a dilemma in which some of the most prominent members of the town were involved.

One evening Peter Pan was walking down the main street of Fairland in the light of early dusk. He whistled a tune to himself as he straightened his tie and cocked his hat against the light of the setting sun. Its little feather danced merrily in the soft breeze. Peter had just gotten the hat that day when he had stopped in at the milliner's. Mad had said that it was the newest in shades, a green that seemed to be just made for him, and had talked him into getting it. On his way down the street Peter stopped and looked with interest into the window of the Sleeping Beauty Florist Shop. Then he walked inside.

"Hi Peter," said its beautiful owner. "You're certainly spruced up tonight. Where are you going?"

"I'm going out with my favorite girl,"answered Peter, "so I'll have one of your specialties." The girl smiled and handed him a vibrant red rose. As Peter reached into his pocket to pay her, there was a great jingling noise, but it was not the jingling of coins. Peter pulled his hand out with a jerk, and an angry look came onto his face. He paid and quickly left the shop while the girl looked after him with a puzzled expression. Outside the shop he spoke in a low tone as if to himself.

"What are you doing in there Tinker?" he asked angrily. "I told you to stay home tonight."

"I know, Peter," said a tinkling, muffled voice from the pocket, "but we always go everywhere together, and I get so lonely staying home without you."

"Uncle Hook was there," said Peter.

"But he's always such a grouch," answered Tinkerbell.

"That's true," said Peter, relenting somewhat, "but there are a few things that I want to ask you before I let you out of my pocket. First, did you bring your wand tonight?" asked Peter.

"Oh yes!" exclaimed Tinkerbell. "You know that I never go anywhere without it. I can't even fly unless I'm holding it."

"You just imagine that. But be careful with that thing tonight. You know how you always use it on everything, and this is one girl that I want to charm all by myself. I want to cast the spell instead of you, all right? If you promise, then you can stay."

"Yes, I promise," said Tinker reverently, still from inside of the pocket. "But may I please come out? It's so hot, and I promise to get back inside as soon as we get close to her house."

"Okay," said Peter, "but a promise is a promise." He held his pocket open a few inches, and Tinker was out in a flash, fluttering her wings in the breeze, and holding her wand carefully in front of her. She flew along behind Peter, keeping her eyes on the sidewalk so that she could be sure of where they were going. Besides, there were always many interesting things lying on the sidewalk, like coins, pieces of greenish glass, notes, sometimes even a glove or keys. On rainy days there were worms. As she flew along Tinkerbell amused herself by looking at these objects. Suddenly she saw something small and pink, but she could not see it distinctly in the light of the dusk. She flew right down near it and touched it lightly with her wand. The pink object immediately reacted with a type of explosion that completely covered the whole star on the end of the wand.

"Peter, Peter! Help, help!" came Tinker's cry of dismay. Peter wheeled around instantly. There was Tinkerbell with her feet up in the air and her wand stuck to the sidewalk." Peter threw his head back and laughed and laughed. Then suddenly he became very serious.

"We haven't got time for games now, Tink, or I'll be late. Come on!" And he turned to go on his way.

"But Peter, I'm not fooling. I stopped to look at this pink thing on the sidewalk, and suddenly it grabbed my magic wand, and won't let go."

"Well I'll get you off," said Peter decidedly. He pulled and tugged, and tugged and pulled, but could not get her loose. He crouched on the sidewalk

trying to discover what the thing was. It was very puffy, with a kind of foamy appearance, and clung tightly to the end of Tinker's wand.

"I've never seen anything like it before," said Tinker from her inverted position.

"I can't imagine what it is either, Tink," said Peter, showing a little more concern than he had before. "I can't get you off so you'll have to let go of your wand and come on so we won't be late."

"Oh Peter, please don't. How can you be so heartless? If I let go of it I'll lose my magic, and then where will you be?" said Tinker to Peter slyly, and with a slight twinkle.

Just then they noticed someone coming down the street. It was a girl with a basket over her arm, followed by a huge grey dog. With her was Cindy Rella.

"Hello girls," said Peter with dismay in his voice. "Look what happened as I was on my way to the Cole's. Now Tink won't let go of her wand so that I can be on time for my date."

"I don't think she should!" exclaimed Cindy vehemently, "but I see your problem. So I'll go ask my godmother what you should do, because she's pretty smart and ought to know. While I'm doing that Ridy can go over to the Cole's and explain to them what has happened, okay?" And they were on their way before Peter had a chance to say anything.

Soon Peter saw Mayor Cole hurrying down the street towards them. He was a man greatly respected by the townspeople, and they called him "king" because of it. With the mayor was his daughter, Peter's date for the evening. A slight blush crept up Peter's cheek when he saw her.

"Sorry this had to happen, my boy. We were getting worried about you," said the mayor; he had heard the whole story from Ridy.

"I'm sorry I couldn't tell you myself," said Peter, looking more at his daughter than at the mayor. "Tink wouldn't come, and I couldn't leave her all alone."

"I was hoping you'd bring Tinkerbell," said the mayor's daughter with a big smile. "She's always so much fun."

"Gee Wendy, but its all her fault that I wasn't there, and that we're in this dilemma. I told her to stay home." Tinker jingled angrily and brought everyone to her attention once again. The mayor looked at her with a puzzled expression.

"I know," he said suddenly. "Just let go of your wand, and you can get a new one from Cindy's godmother soon, because she's . . ."

"No she can't," said Cindy positively, having returned. "My godmother said that Tinkerbell's magic is all contained in her special wand, and that she should not let go under any circumstance."

"I won't," said Tinker with decision from her inverted position.

"We were thinking that maybe if we find out what that pink stuff is we can get her loose easier," said Peter.

"I could go down to Oz's and get Madam," said Mayor Cole. Everyone agreed and so he left. By this time it had gotten dark on the street, but the spot where Tinker fluttered was brightly illuminated, and the pink spot was plainly visible.

After a while Wendy looked at Peter, and said, "You know Peter, it's gotten pretty late, and your uncle must be getting worried about you. How about if Ridy and Cindy and I go over to your house and tell him what has happened?"

"He probably won't like it very much," said Tinker with a grimace.

"Nonetheless, I think it's a very good idea. Hurry back," said Peter.

While those three were gone some of the townspeople who had heard about Tinker's dilemma came by and added suggestions. One of the three Pig Brothers said, "I'll go get my big butcher knife and cut you loose and then there won't be a problem." And Snow White said she'd run home and get her seven brothers to help. But Tinkerbell just kept crying, "No No!" to these suggestions.

When Mayor Cole came back with Madam Malificent, she sat right down on the sidewalk and stared at the pink blob. Everyone else stood around in a circle and was very silent. Finally, she looked at them, ready to speak.

"That is plain, ordinary, bubble gum," she said, "but I don't know how that can help you, because it has a magic spell in it, and that's why she won't come loose."

"I'll get her off," said a gruff voice as Uncle Hook came striding through the circle.

"I see that you have gotten yourself into another mess," he said to Peter, "and I thought that Tinker was supposed to help you. All this nonsense over your wand!" Uncle Hook put his hooked hand carefully around Tinkerbell's waist and tugged and jerked her around, but could not get her off the sidewalk. Tinker let out a big sigh, because she was getting very tired, and her persistence and strength were running out, from being upside down so long.

"If you can't do it with that, Uncle Hook, my brothers can all do it together," said Snow White who had arrived at the scene. The boys all got

behind each other and formed a chain by holding on to each other's waists. They were smaller than most boys their age, but looked very strong. The first one held on to Tinkerbell, who was fluttering angrily by this time.

"You all want me to lose my magic," Tinkerbell said with a sob, looking very unhappy.

"One, two, three," shouted Snow White, and then the boys pulled with all their might, but nothing happened.

"Let's all get behind them," said Mayor Cole. Everyone was bursting with excitement, and attached themselves to the chain. Behind the boys was Snow White, then Mayor Cole with Wendy; behind her Ridy and Cindy, then Uncle Hook and Madam Malificent, and finally the three Pig Brothers. Only Peter was not in the chain and was up in front talking softly with Tinkerbell.

"No, I won't let go!" said Tinker with a red, angry face. "All these people are being horrible." But the only look she got back was one of grim determination from the faces which were staring at her from each side of the chain.

"It's the only thing we can do," said Peter, "unless we stay here forever. "Heave ho!" he shouted to the chain, and they tugged and pulled and pulled and tugged with all their might.

Suddenly Tinker shouted to Peter for help. Peter darted over to her and caught her up in his hands as she let go of the wand. Then the whole chain collapsed on the sidewalk. Tinker was still rather stunned as Wendy ran up all excited.

"Peter, Peter, look at Tinker! Her wings are still moving. It's not the wand, but Tinker that's magic."

"Hooray for Tink!" shouted everyone, "Hooray for Tink!" Tinker flew out of Peter's hands and gave him a big kiss. She flitted around to all the others and lightly kissed them too.

"Oh, oh, I'm magic" she sang over and over. When she was done she flew over to her wand which was still stuck to the wad of bubble gum but only by one point of the star. As she reached down to grab it, Peter jumped to jerk her away.

"Let me get it for you," he said taking the wand with a twinkle in his eye. "If you touch it, you'll cast another spell on the bubble gum and get into the same predicament."

One by one the members of the group went home, as Tinkerbell gaily called "Thank you! Thank you!" after them. They were delighted to see their Tinker happy again.

As soon as Peter had taken Wendy on some real dates, he charmed her into marrying him, although some say it was not completely his own doing. Tinkerbell came along every time. So Peter and Wendy and all the good people of Fairland lived happily ever after, with Tinkerbell casting a bit of magic into their lives.

The Fruit of The Womb

Diane Nelson '64

Love's labor brings her to haven's manger
Friction's ice-fired finger spiralling
Forces joy's gasp through her, pallid stranger,
Racked and riven by spasms bearing down ring
Of pain hooked on the ever moving point:
Brilliant lancing lashes flash blinding white
Churn searing amniotic waters. Anoint
Life's Gift; tunnel swiftly towards the light
Surge from the embryo's chasm by mortal means
Immolation's blood on altar afresh.
Ineffable God into child demeans
Self Spirit telescoped into flesh.
Alone with God she, all humility,
Creates without impassibility.

LAMENT 61-62

Anne Brennan '64

The label on the coat (100 percent cashmere)
Droops like the last leaf
In the shaded, slightly spattered sleeve
Where the rumpling, rustling rain
Plumped and pressed it.

In the warm, scented darkness (Chanel and hairspray)
She strokes it with a lacquered nail,
Back and forth with the mesmeric motion of the
    mechanical marvel melting the
Raindrops running riot
Down the windshield.

Out of the slim, fragrant bag (new leather plus sachet)
She picks a mother of pearl compact—
Oh oh! Love and lipstick leave a little
To be desired. To be desired. To be desired.
The coat slips smoothly from soft shoulders.

Here he comes!
"Broad-backed"
"Long-legged"
"Clear-complexioned"
"Clean-cut"
(Hot-handed)
CAMPUS KING!
    Slammingthemen'sroomdoor.

Mincing moonlight makes
Lewd laughing light-lines
Puncturing the plumpness of my pillow.

(Where o where has my little dog gone?
M is for the million things she gave me
O is only that . . .)
Where o where are the
Sincerely simple or scintilliating
Honestly ignorant or intellectual
Great or abjectly groverling
PEOPLE in this world!

I'm sheltered
    soothed
        coddled
            cultured, and
All I see are
Mediocre MEs.

Find me a man who
Creates with his hands or
Thinks with his brains or
Sees with his heart—

Oh well.
He'd never fit in.

I Saw It

I saw it.
It was there.
Silly, they said, it's always been there. Always.
Not for me, I cried.
Never before this night has
Froth-foam-fun existed.
Not until
I
Felt its surging openness;
Not until
I
Smelt its saltfishyness
Tasted its cool dampness
Saw its vast thereness
Heard its dull roar
Was the history book Pacific
THERE!

Michelle Lundborg '66

Judy Krommer '63

A Feeling

Something was left unsaid.
Everything was ready for it
and it led to other words;
but tacitly;
unheard.
Something was left unheard,
was wholly felt;
it was the free gift of the soul
unfettered by the word.
There was a certain goal in that.
It was the same word only better
for what it meant;
it was to be gently understood
and caught
for choosing its own way of being sent.

Sea-Wanderer, Forest-Visitor

Helen Jaskoski '63

The ode to love that the chorus sings in Antigone is both a beautiful poem in itself and an integral part of the drama. It fulfills these two functions in its use of imagery to convey the idea of love in the meaning of the play, and in its perfection of structure.

In the first part of the poem, the chorus sings to love in general as:

Love unconquerable
Waster of rich men, keeper
Of warm lights and all-night vigil
In the young face of a girl:
Sea-wanderer, forest-visitor![1]

The contrast in images illustrates the mystery of the opposites that make love what it is: the unconquerable destroyer of the powerful, but with its strength lying in the warmth and faithfulness of the helpless girl; unlimited by man as it travels even to the sea and the forest. Yet love is even greater than a conquerer of proud man:

Even the pure Immortals cannot escape you,
And mortal man, in his one day's dusk,
Trembles before your glory.

Love, this unfathomable paradox of strength in weakness, is a force which not only man, but the gods, are unable to resist.

Images of strength and of nature predominate in this first part, giving a sense of the inevitability of the most elemental force in creation. Although this stanza does not refer directly to Antigone, we find parallels in the images which remind us of the story. The chorus sings the poem immediately after the quarrel between Creon and Haimon, when Haimon's love for Antigone has caused the dreadful rift between father and son. The references to the steadfastness of the young girl in love are obvious reminders of Antigone's devotion both to Polyneices, and previously, to Oedipus in his wanderings.

In the second part of the ode, the chorus restates exactly the same picture of love, now as the force which motivates the tragedy:

Surely you swerve upon ruin
The just man's consenting heart,
As here you have made bright anger
Strike between father and son—
And none has conquered but Love!
A girl's glance working the will of heaven:
Pleasure to her alone who mocks us,
Merciless Aphrodite.

[1]Sophocles, "Antigone." Trans. by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. Greek Plays in Modern Translation. New York: The Dial Press, 1947. All further quotations from Antigone will be taken from this edition.

All-powerful love is the cause of Haimon's quarrel with his father; Love, the precipitator of the crisis, is the only winner of the contest. But Antigone is the victor also, for her love will, in the end, cause the collapse of those who sought to crush her, although her victory is only real because her tragedy brings it about.

In this second part of the song, the images emphasize the power of love, again by the incongruity of the weakness of the young girl causing the destruction of a most sacred and intimate bond between two people, that between father and son.

Besides the fact that each of the images in the poem refers both to the essence of universal love and the relationship of love to the drama, the ode taken as a whole is both perfect in form and occupies a significant place in the tragedy.

Sophocles' odes are so unified in thought and structure that "their own beauty and profundity is enough to justify their presence" in the plays.[2] The precision of form in this short poem is one proof of that statement. There is an exact correspondence of the imagery of love in the first and second parts. First, love is stronger than the mighty and the proud: "unconquerable/ Waster of rich men," and "swerving upon ruin/ The just man's consenting heart." Then, the contrast of love as "keeper/Of warm lights and all-night vigil/ In the soft face of a girl" and "A girl's glance working the will of heaven" presents the other side of its dual nature. Finally, love is lifted above the plane of men into the region of "the pure Immortals" and "Merciless Aphrodite."

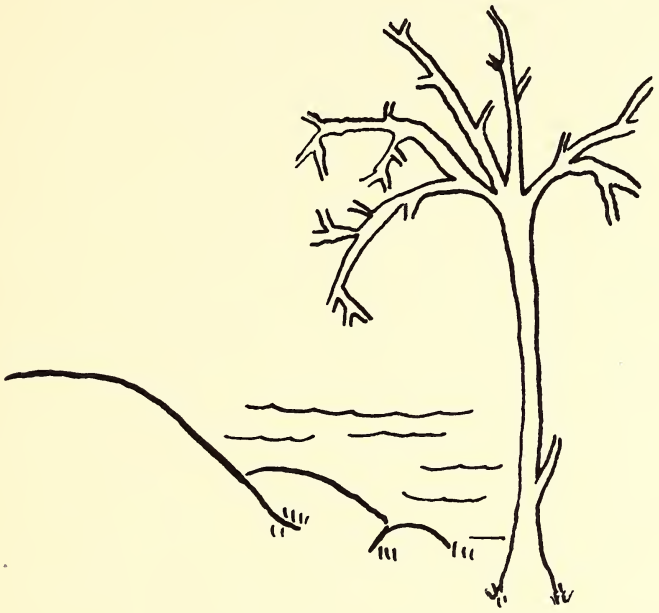
The place of the ode as a complete dramatic device is that "it has a certain effect of shock, this little song to the god of love following hard on the scene of shouting and hatred between Creon and his son."[3] The effect is one not only of shock, but of relief. After the invective that has passed between father and son, the poem raises the drama out of the realm of histrionics, and gives the audience a short breathing space between the tense encounters of the characters. In proving a quiet contrast to the shouting and anger that have preceded it, the ode also prepares for the entrance of Antigone. It creates an atmosphere of calmness that adds to the nobility of her acceptance of death, and by its comment on her motives and actions, makes that acceptance seem at the same time both more tragic and more commendable.

By a perfection and unity of imagery, and by classic balance of form, Sophocles has made his ode to love both a beautiful poem in its own right and an important part of the tragedy.

[2]Gordon Kirkwood, A Study of Sophoclean Drama, (Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 1958) p. 183.
[3]Ibid., p. 208.

Villanelle
...after reading "Wuthering Heights"

With my love in my arms and the wind and the sea,
I'll rove o'er the highlands and wander through time.
With him by my side this is heaven for me.
The longer we roam the closer we'll be
To earth's only treasure, haunting the shadows
With my love in my arms and the wind and the sea.
Condemned as we are forever to flee;
Home we have none, but the rock and the moor
But with him by my side this is heaven for me.

Floating forever, eternally free,
Peaceful at last in my misty high home,
With my love in my arms and the wind and the sea.
Listen we will to the wind through the tree,
Laughing at those who at true love would scorn,
With him by my side this is heaven for me.
How peaceful it is to be loved and be free.
In death as I wander longer than time,
With my love in my arms and the wind and the sea,
With him by my side this is heaven for me.

Maureen Curran '63